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NEW YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1921.

FUTURITY GOES TO BUNTING --- GIANTS AND YANKEES WILL

H. P. Whitney's Bunting Wins Futurity by a Neck

Stands Long Hard Drive and Wears Down Lawrence Waterbury's Galantman, Which Is Second, a Length in Front of Dream of Allah.

By HENRY V. KING.

To Harry Payne Whitney's hand some bay colt Bunting, a son of Pennant and Frillery, went the rich and historic Futurity at Belmont Park yesterday afternoon. Lawrence Waterbury's gallant colt Galantman was second and E. B. McLean's chestnut filly Dream of Allah third. It was a great contest and a great crowd saw it decided. More than 30,000 persons visited the course to see it run. By the victory Mr. Whitney was enriched \$40,700. To the owner of the second horse went \$16,166 and \$2,583 went to the third. The time of the race was 1:11 2-5. Twenty-two horses ran.

Mr. Whitney's filly has flashed home in front in this turf classic before, but not since his father's Ballyho Bey beat Olympian and Tommy Addins in 1900 did Mr. Whitney receive such a thrill as he did yesterday. Bunting won the classic by a short neck, and when he stuck his nose in front in the last few strides Mr. Whitney's joy was unbounded. He shrieked and yelled as if the victory meant everything in the world to him. Mr. Whitney always has been an enthusiast as a schoolboy when one of his good colts or mares is running. Yesterday he outdid himself in a "rooting" way. While his colt was running the last quarter of a mile and gaining ground slowly but surely, he was screaming "Come on, boy! Ride him hard, boy!" could be heard above the shouts and shrieks of the thousands of enthusiastic fans who surrounded him.

Friends but Rival Owners. Standing beside him in the Turf and Field Club enclosure was his old and most intimate friend, Lawrence Waterbury. And it was Mr. Waterbury's colt, Galantman, which Mr. Whitney was "rooting" to beat. Galantman had more early speed than Mr. Whitney's colt and led the field all the way down the six furlong course until a dozen jumps from the judges.

While Mr. Whitney was shrieking his mightiest Mr. Waterbury was calling and pleading for his colt to go faster. His shouts were not quite as loud as those of Mr. Whitney, but they were just as inspiring. During the last eighth of a mile, when the race waxed hot, his voice was heard as he shouted, "Keep him going, lad!"

But the instant Bunting's nose poked in front Mr. Waterbury knew it and stopped "rooting." "You beat me," he said to Mr. Whitney, who slapped him on the back. "Tie second."

When he had spoken these few words the race was over and the judges had placed Bunting first. Then Mr. Whitney turned to his pet and, sleeping him on the back with his left hand, grabbed his hand with his right and shouted: "You came mighty close to killing me, Larry. I don't like these kids of yours. It was grand, though, wasn't it? You must admit it, even though you were nosed out. Your colt ran a dandy race, didn't he? He was a real winner. He's a mighty nice colt, and I'm glad you were second."

Then the two sportsmen, who have sported together for many years, played polo together for an hour and then played together at a score of games, were surrounded by practically every person in the Turf and Field Club. Both were congratulated until it seemed their hands would crack.

Congratulate Trainers. And in their enthusiasm they didn't forget their trainers. As soon as possible they worked their way out of the clubhouse and into the paddock. There each went in quest of his trainer. Mr. Whitney nearly smashed Jimmy Rowe's fingers in his athletic hand and Mr. Waterbury showered all sorts of praise on Scott Harlan for the fine race his charge had run.

While Mr. Whitney was shouting and pleading for Bunting almost all the 30,000 persons present were doing the same thing. His colt, which was coupled with Whiskaway and Mrs. Payne Whitney's Sedgwick, was the favorite and heavily supported all the way.

When Bunting returned to the scales it seemed as if every one present gave him a hearty cheer. The ovation he received was a magnificent tribute to a fast and courageous colt.

Bunting won the race because of these qualities: He was the best horse in the race and the best trainer. He stood a hard drive for a quarter of a mile, and if there had been the least bit of yellow in him he would have been beaten. Galantman was a real winner. He showed speed and gameness too, but Bunting was an energetic ride by Colletti outmaneuvered him at the end.

Dream of Allah ran a hundred pounds heavier than the other two. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke. He was caught in a pocket soon after the start and he was a bit of a slowpoke. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke.

Mr. Play, the full brother of Man o' War, bore out all the way and was never a serious contender. Deadlock ran well, and so did Haridan.

Admiring Crowd in Paddock. Before the race it seemed as if every one at the track was in the paddock. Every one of the twenty-two contestants was surrounded by an admiring crowd. The winner, Bunting, was a real winner. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke.

On parade they made as beautiful a picture as has been seen on a track this season. Every one of the twenty-two youngsters was on his toes and danced past the grandstand as majestically as any king or queen on review.

At the barrier they weren't so nice.

W. M. WASHBURN'S DEFEAT AT NETS

Loses Hard Match to Wallace F. Johnson at National Championship Tourney.

By SAMUEL J. BROOKMAN.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—A red letter day for Philadelphia tennis was this, the second day of the national championship at the Germantown Cricket Club. In the presence of the largest gallery that ever attended a tennis tournament in this city, Wallace F. Johnson, Philadelphia's leading aspirant to the title, barring of course, William T. Tilden 2d, the playing through champion, triumphed over New York city's leading contender, Watson M. Washburn, in a five set contest of gripping interest. The frequent shifts in the fortune of the match and the final winning spurt of the Quaker City player when he appeared headed for defeat furnished the first real thrills of the tournament. The score was 6-8, 5-7, 2-6, 6-3, 6-3.

It was a hard match for Washburn to lose. Realizing in the first set that his best chances against his opponent, a superb base liner, lay in attacking at the net, the New Yorker forced a whirlwind pace in the second and third sets. He was up in the forward court in nearly every rally and his splendid volleying and overhead smashing had Johnson on the defensive. But the effort of forcing it repeatedly, in order to avoid the Philadelphia's bothersome chop stroke, began to take its toll of the fourth set and his control began deserting him. His errors enabled Johnson to catch up with him and then his speed failed him. Unable to maintain his net attack consistently, Washburn found the match slipping from his grasp and slipping fast. He dropped five straight games in the final set and a closing rally in which he brought the score to 2-5 proved futile.

The Match of the Day. The match was easily the feature of the day. It stood out far more prominently than straight set victories for William Tilden and William Johnston and it was the only match of the tournament in which the two players were of sufficient strength to extend them and played leisurely in advancing to the final round. Of greater interest, too, than the matches of Tilden, Johnston and Williams for the time being were the victories of Willis E. Davis of California over Clarence V. Todd of Australia, of Vincent Richards over Walter T. Lave of Zemo Shimidzu over Marshall Allen and of Frank T. Anderson, indoor champion, over Arnold W. Jones.

There were fully 10,000 tennis enthusiasts in the stands when Johnson and Washburn appeared for the feature match. Johnson was remarkably steady in the opening set. Playing entirely from the base line, the Philadelphia player kept his opponent on his toes. The New Yorker's service, however, was a well placed and so difficult to handle that the set remained in doubt until the sixth game, when Johnson broke through. It was the only break of the set, but it was enough to give the Philadelphia first division of play at 6-3.

Service continued to be a factor in the second set, which went to Washburn at 7-5. The latter was persisting in a net attack and his speed and control were improving so that Johnson was not finding it as easy to pass him as in the first set. The New Yorker's strokes were proving the more decisive. The sensation came in the third set, when Washburn, blocking effectively at the net, smashed with great force and won five games in a row. He had reached the top of his game by this time and was depending largely on the power of his forward court attack. Johnson, however, was momentarily taking the next two games, but Washburn ended the set in the eighth game at 6-2.

Following the customary ten minute rest, Johnson began mounting by breaking through service. Washburn retaliated, but for the remainder of the set his stroking was erratic and Johnson by effective use of his chop stroke and with the aid of opponent's errors, took the set rather easily at 6-3.

Washburn's Slogging Up. Washburn was not coming up to the net as fast as in the second and third sets, and he began to be uncertain in his attack. The Philadelphia continued to perfectly in gaining confidence, Johnson took a hand at forcing it and he fairly breezed through the final set, taking the first five games in a row. Washburn, however, was a bit of a slowpoke. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke. He was a good horse, but he was a bit of a slowpoke.

In the first of the grand stand matches today, Zemo Shimidzu and Marshall Allen, an extra effort brought the score to 3-5 but the Philadelphia's lead was too big to be overcome.

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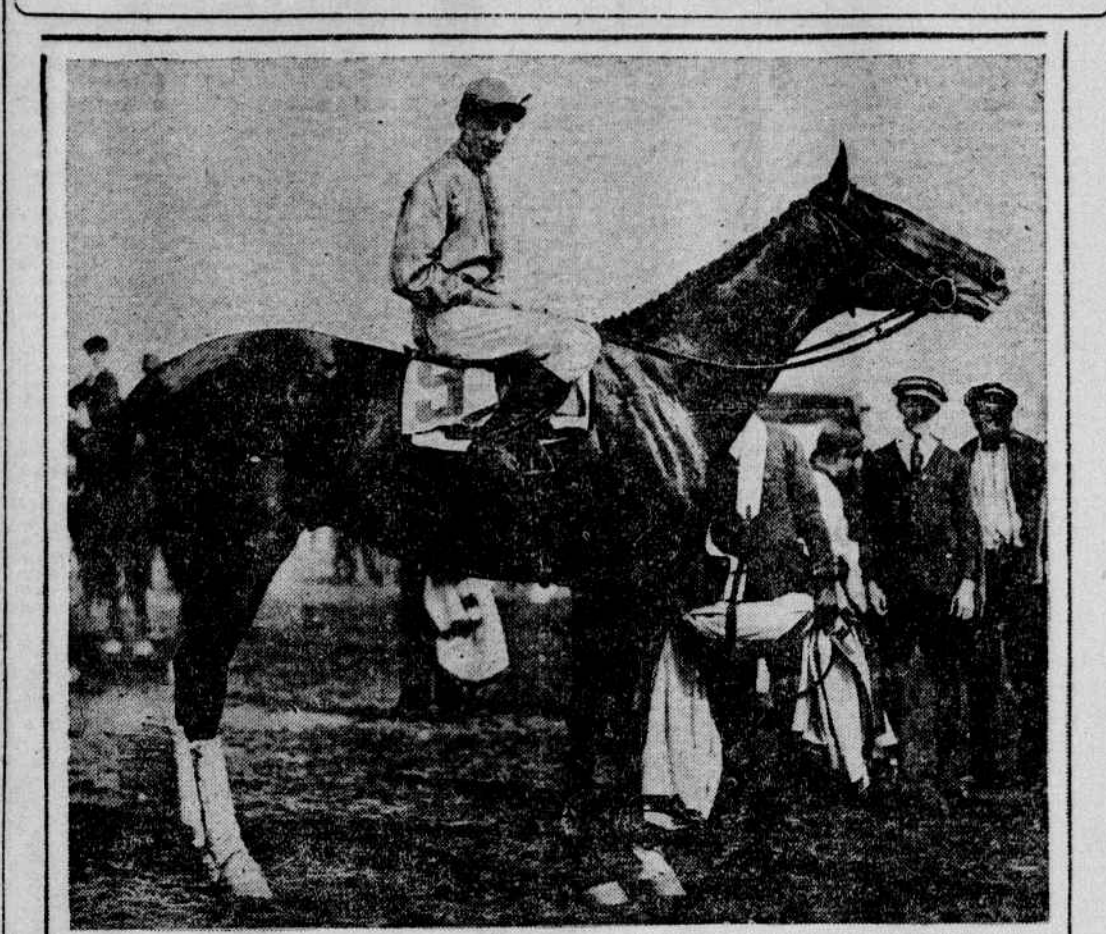
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At the Belmont Park Races.



BUNTING COLTILETTI UP.



OVER THE WATER JUMP IN THE CHASE

PIRATES SHUT OUT CUBS EASILY, 8-0

Yankees' Big Stick Work

Smothers Athletics, 19-3

Close Series With Mackmen With Decisive Triumph—

Ruth Gets a Double, a Triple and a Single, but No Homer.

Morrison Pitches for Victors With His Old Catcher Behind Bat.

Special Despatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD. PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 10.—The Yankees closed their series with the Mackmen to-day with one of the most decisive triumphs they have scored this year.

After trailing in the score through the first three rounds they found themselves in the fourth and hacked their way to a 19 to 3 decision over the talented Athletics. Nine of their runs were scored in the ninth inning, in which they released an attack of record, or near record, proportions.

Blond Carl Mays pitched for the Yankees throughout and was hit with some severity in almost every round. Four hits, one of them a homer by Tillie Walker, were ground out of his underling delivery in the opening inning, and the runs resulting therefrom, three in number, were all the Macks could score while piling up a total of thirteen hits. Mays was good in the pinches and his support, as usual, was solid. Two double plays were made by the Yankees infield.

Big Bob Haas started for the Macks and let the Yankees down with two hits and one run in the first three innings. He weakened in the fourth, however, and retired in the seventh after having pitched for the Macks for twelve hits and eight runs. Three fingered Keels relieved him on the hill and was batted off again in the ninth, giving way to Freeman who in turn was batted off by the mauling Higgins crew.

Barring Nelson Hawks, who ran for Pipp in the ninth and Wilson Chick Weaver who replaced Ruth in left when the latter took Pipp's place on first in the second half of the closing round, every player in the Yankee batting order gured in the carnival of clutch hitting that the Yankees a total of twenty-four hits. Ruth could not hit a homer but he did grind out a double, a triple and a single. Schang was the most prolific hitter of the day, with five hits to show for his six times at bat.

Three long hits and one not so long rattied off the Mackmen bats in the opening inning, three runs resulting. After Witt had been retired on a puzzling bouncer to Ward, Dykes jammed a single into center and Charlene (Tillie) Walker hit to left for his twelfth homer of the season. The ball bounding over the three-foot wall which guards the playing field in that direction, Perkins drove a double into Ruth's territory and went to third on a hit by Edgar Collins, which took an erratic hop over Wallie Pipp's head. When McNally sent Collins into deep center field to lead down a sacrifice fly, Schang then beat out a hit toward third but Walker got under May's long lift and grabbed it for the third out. Neither side scored in the third, though each put a runner on second with only one out, but in the fourth the Yankees broke through and tied it up. With one out in this round Walker drew a pass as went to second on McNally's single to center, scoring on Schang's single to left. Mays then doubled to center, scoring McNally, but there the rally petered out, Miller fouling to Perkins and Peck lining to Collins.

It was revived in the fifth, however, the Higgins combination scoring three more runs. Ruth started the drive with a slap to left and by brisk and daring running stretched it into a double. He went to third on Meusel's infield out and scored on Pipp's line hit to center after Ward had drawn his second pass. Mike McNally made his second hit and Pipp drilled home on the blow. Ward went to third on Walker's throw to the plate but McNally's attempt to take an extra base on the peg was blocked by Perkins's relay to Dykes. Schang's single to center brought Ward home, after which Mays fled to Witt, ending the inning.

The Yankees went out in order in the sixth, a pass to Peck being nullified by an unsuccessful attempt to pifer second, but in the seventh they renewed the assault on Haas and added two more runs to their total. Meusel started the drive with a double to left and scored on a similar blow by Pipp. Ward laid down a sacrificial bunt and McNally's third hit, a Texas league single

First Inning Rally Gives Close Game to Giants

Defeat the Dodgers by Score of 3 to 1—Foolish Base Running by the Enemy a Help to the Polo Ground People.

By WILLIAM B. HANNA.

The Giants had one inning of hitting against Grimes of Brooklyn at the Polo Grounds yesterday, and only one, but that, since Jesse Barnes gave a bang up mound performance for them, was all they needed. They opened with three runs, closed with the supply neither added to nor taken from, and beat the Dodgers, 3 to 1. They held their place in the breakfast race for pennant.

The Brooklyn wouldn't be ahead of the Giants in the Subway series had they played much of the inept and wooden game they played yesterday. Their fielding in the first inning was slovenly, though without overt error, and their base running in the ninth, when they were hitting and had a chance to catch the Giants, was stupid.

Young Mr. Hood in the ninth turned second base with all the misguided ardor of a bull in a china shop and ran plump into an out at third, although Manager Robby's warning hand was up with all the majesty but with nothing of the effect of a Fifth Avenue traffic cop. Anybody less forgiving and angelic than Robby would have turned the offender over and spanked him. With no justification whatever Hood matched his speed and judgment against Pop Young's great arm, and as nobody was out, with no need of taking a long chance.

Giants Use Their Clubs. Burns, Young, Kelly and Meusel got together in the first inning and clubbed in three runs for themselves and their compatriots. As Grimes was invincible in the first game, the Giants were compelled to make three runs do, which they did with the good pitching of Barnes, a Dodger killer these harvest days, and smart and agile fielding. They played smart and lively ball until the Dodgers' game. One club is merely finishing a season; the other sniffs a pennant.

The Giants made their runs with two out. Burns opened with a single and after Bancroft's rocket to Wheat stole to the halfway house. Miller's throw was low but fast, and had Olson (McNally) been a Dodger, he would have been out. Johnston threw out Frisch and Young's single scored Burns. Kelly doubled in Wheat's direction and Young dug home Meusel on a single beyond Kidnuff and Kelly beat it to the plate. Wheat's effort to field Young's hit was a weak

one. He fumbled when he had an excellent chance to throw home ahead of Burns. Kidnuff Gets a Homer. Pete Kidnuff lined a homer into the left field roof in the second inning and Brooklyn's scoring was confined to that hit. Schmandt lost an opportunity in the seventh by clumsy base running—or the eagerness of John Rawlings. He slipped with one out, and Frisch made a hum-dinger stop back of third of a smoker from Kidnuff. He just about saved the game by throttling that wait.

But there's still been trouble if Schmandt had slid smoothly, for Rawlings dropped Frisch's beeline throw. Schmandt sprawled around the bag and either missed it or was blocked off by the vigilant Rawlings, who tagged him promptly and firmly and with no qualms of conscience. Miller singled, following this debacle, and some sort of an elephantine attempt to work a double steal was spoiled by Bancroft's spryness in running Miller back to Kelly for a put-out.

The Brooklyn brotherhood made two hits in the seventh inning, two in the eighth, two in the ninth. Barnes revealed real stuff, curvilinear and curving when he retired the Dodgers in the eighth following an opening two bagger by Grimes. A gritty slinger was Jesse. Hood beat a hit to Frisch in the ninth, game taking man bounding Schmandt, swung a single to right, and Hood, lithely and contrary to his manager's signal, hit the highway for third. He was a long way off when Frisch tagged him. Manager Robby's disgust was as ample as his waist. His subordinate certainly played that hit fine for the Giants. The score:

GIANTS (N.Y.) NEW YORK (N.Y.)
Grimes, 4.00 3.41 Burns, 3.11 0.00
Young, 2.00 1.00 Olson, 2.00 0.00
Guthrie, 4.01 0.00 Frisch, 4.01 1.40
Zinn, 2.00 0.00 Young, 4.01 1.40
Barnes, 1.00 0.00 Meusel, 2.01 0.00
Schang, 4.01 0.00 Schang, 4.01 0.00
Schmidt, 4.01 0.00 Schang, 4.01 0.00
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Totals, 35.10 24.13

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